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VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

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VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.

Poet Laureate;

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY, OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY OF HISTORY, AND OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF THE NETHERLANDS, &c.

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TO

THE KING.

SIR,

ONLY to Your Majesty can the present publication with propriety be addressed. As a tribute to the sacred memory of our late revered Sovereign, it is my duty to present it to Your Majesty's notice; and to whom could an experiment, which, perhaps, may be considered hereafter as of some importance in English

Poetry, be so fitly inscribed, as to the Royal and munificent Patron of science, art, and literature?

We owe much to the House of Brunswick; but to none of that illustrious House more than to Your Majesty, under whose government the military renown of Great Britain has been carried to the highest point of glory. From that pure glory there has been nothing to detract; the success was not more splendid than the cause was good; and the event was deserved by the generosity, the justice, the wisdom, and the magnanimity of the counsels which prepared it. The same perfect integrity has been manifested in the whole administration of public affairs. More has been done than was ever before attempted, for mitigating the evils incident to our stage of society; for imbuing the rising race with those sound principles of religion on which the welfare of states

has its only secure foundation; and for opening new regions to the redundant enterprize and industry of the people. Under Your Majesty's government, the Metropolis is rivalling in beauty those cities which it has long surpassed in greatness: sciences, arts, and letters are flourishing beyond all former example; and the last triumph of nautical discovery and of the British flag, which had so often been essayed in vain, has been accomplished. The brightest portion of British history will be that which records the improvements, the works, and the achievements of the Georgian Age.

That Your Majesty may long continue to reign over a free and prosperous people, and that the blessings of the happiest form of government which has ever been raised by human wisdom under the favour of Divine Providence may,

under Your Majesty's protection, be transmitted unimpaired to posterity, is the prayer of

Your MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful Subject and Servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PREFACE.

I.

HAVING long been of opinion that an English metre might be constructed in imitation of the ancient hexameter, which would be perfectly consistent with the character of our language, and capable of great richness, variety, and strength, I have now made the experiment. It will have some disadvantages to contend with, both among learned and unlearned readers; among the former especially, because, though they may divest themselves of all prejudice against an innovation, which has generally been thought impracticable, and may even be disposed to regard the attempt favourably, nevertheless they will, from inveterate association, be continually reminded of rules which are inapplicable to our tongue; and looking for quantity where emphasis only ought to be expected, will perhaps less easily be reconciled to the

measure, than those persons who consider it simply as it is. To the one class it is necessary that I should explain the nature of the verse; to the other, the principle of adaption which has been followed.

First, then, to the former, who, in glancing over these long lines, will perceive that they have none of the customary characteristics of English versification, being neither marked by rhyme, nor by any certain number of syllables, nor by any regular recurrence of emphasis throughout the verse. Upon closer observation, they will find that (with a very few exceptions,) there is a regular recurrence of emphasis in the last five syllables of every line, the first and the fourth of those syllables being accented, the others not. These five syllables form two of the feet by which the verse is measured, and which are called dactyls and trochees, the dactyl consisting of one long syllable and two short ones, as exemplified in the name of Wellington; the trochee, of one long and one short, as exemplified in the name of Nelson. Of such feet, there are six in every verse. The four first are disposed according to the judgement and convenience of the writer; that is, they may be all dactyls or all trochees, or any mixture of both in any arrangement: but the fifth is always a dactyl, and the sixth always a trochee, except in some rare instances, when, for the sake of variety,

or of some particular effect, a trochee is admitted in the fifth place. One more remark will suffice for this preliminary explanation. These feet are not constituted each by a separate word, but are made up of one or more, or of parts of words, the end of one and the beginning of another, as may happen. A verse of the Psalms, originally pointed out by Harris of Salisbury, as a natural and perfect hexameter, will exemplify what has been said:

Why do the | heathen | rage, and the | people i-|-magine a | vain thing?

This, I think, will make the general construction of the metre perfectly intelligible to those persons who may be unacquainted with the rules of Latin versification; those especially who are still to be called gentle readers, in this ungentle age. But it is not necessary to understand the principle upon which the verse is constructed, in order to feel the harmony and power of a metrical composition; . . if it were, how few would be capable of enjoying poetry! In the present case, any one who reads a page of these hexameters aloud, with just that natural regard to emphasis which the sense of the passage indicates, and the usual pronunciation of the words requires, will perceive the rhythm, and find no more difficulty in giving it its proper effect, than in reading

blank verse. This has often been tried, and with invariable success. If, indeed, it were not so, the fault would be in the composition, not in the measure.

The learned reader will have perceived by what has already been said, that in forming this English measure in imitation, rather than upon the model of the ancient hexameter, the trochee has been substituted for the spondee, as by the Germans. This substitution is rendered necessary by the nature of our pronunciation, which is so rapid, that I believe the whole vocabulary of the language does not afford a single instance of a genuine native* spondee. The spondee, of course, is not excluded from the verse; and where it occurs, the effect, in general, is good. This alteration was necessary; but it is not the only one which, upon mature consideration and fair trial, it has been

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* And only one of foreign derivation, which is the word Egypt. Some readers, who have never practised metrical composition in their own language, may perhaps doubt this, and suppose that such words as *twilight* and *evening*, are spondaic; but they only appear so when they are pronounced singly, the last syllable then hanging upon the tongue, and dwelling on the ear, like the last stroke of the clock. Used in combination, they become pure trochees.

deemed expedient to make. If every line were to begin with a long syllable, the measure would presently appear exotic and forced, as being directly opposite to the general character of all our dignified metres, and indeed to the genius of the English language. Therefore the license has been taken of using any foot of two or three syllables at the beginning of a line; and sometimes, though less frequently, in the second, third, or fourth place. The metre, thus constructed, bears the same analogy to the ancient hexameter that our ten-syllable or heroic line does to iambic verse: iambic it is called, and it is so in its general movement; but it admits of many other feet, and would, in fact, soon become insupportably monotonous without their frequent intermixture.

II.

Twenty years ago, when the rhythmical romance of Thalaba was sent from Portugal to the press, I requested, in the preface to that poem, that the author might not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it was written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse, the noblest measure, in his judgement, of which our admirable language is capable: it was added, that the measure which was there

used, had, in that instance, been preferred, because it suited the character of the poem, being, as it were, the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale. Notwithstanding this explicit declaration, the duncery of that day attacked me as if I had considered the measure of Thalaba to be in itself essentially and absolutely better than blank verse. The duncery of this day may probably pursue the same course on the present occasion. With that body I wage no war, and enter into no explanations. But to the great majority of my readers, who will take up the book without malevolence, and having a proper sense of honour in themselves, will believe the declarations of a writer whose veracity they have no reason to doubt, I will state what are the defects, and what the advantages, of the metre which is here submitted to their judgement, as they appear to me after this fair experiment of its powers.

It is not a legitimate inference, that because the hexameter has been successfully introduced in the German language, it can be naturalized as well in English. The English is not so well adapted for it, because it does not abound in like manner with polysyllabic words. The feet, therefore, must too frequently be made up of monosyllables, and of distinct words, whereby the verse is resolved and decomposed into its component feet, and the feet into their component syllables, instead of

being articulated and inosculated throughout, as in the German, still more in the Greek, and most in the Latin measure. This is certainly a great * defect. From the same cause the *cæsura* generally coincides with a pause in the sentence; but, though this breaks the continuity of the verse, it ought perhaps rather to be considered as an advantage: for the measure, like blank verse, thus acquires greater variety. It may possibly be objected, that the four first feet are not metrical enough in their effect, and the two last too much so. I do not feel the objection; but it has been advanced by one, whose opinion upon

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It leads also to this inconvenience, that the English line greatly exceeds the ancient one in literal length, so that it is actually too long for any page, if printed in types of the ordinary proportion to the size of the book, whatever that may be. The same inconvenience was formerly felt in that fine measure of the Elizabethan age, the seven-footed couplet; which, to the diminution of its powers, was, for that reason, divided into quatrains, (the pause generally falling upon the eighth syllable,) and then converted into the common ballad stanza. The hexameter cannot be thus divided, and therefore must generally look neither like prose nor poetry. This is noticed as merely a dissight, and of no moment, our poetry not being like that of the Chinese, addressed to the eye instead of the ear.

any question, and especially upon a question of poetry, would make me distrust my own, where it happened to be different. Lastly, the double-ending may be censured as double rhymes used to be; but that objection belongs to the duncery.

On the other hand, the range of the verse being from thirteen syllables to seventeen, it derives from that range an advantage in the union of variety with regularity, which is peculiar to itself. The capability which is thus gained, may perhaps be better appreciated by a few readers from their own sense of power, than it is exemplified in this experiment.

I do not, however, present the English hexameter as something better than our established metres, but as something different, and which therefore, for that reason, may sometimes advantageously be used. Take our blank verse, for all in all, in all its gradations, from the elaborate rhythm of Milton, down to its loosest structure in the early dramatists, and I believe that there is no measure comparable to it, either in our own or in any other language, for might and majesty, and flexibility and compass. And this is affirmed, not as the predilection of a young writer, or the preference of one inexperienced in the difficulties of composition, but as an opinion formed and confirmed

during the long and diligent study, and the long and laborious practice of the art. But I am satisfied also that the English hexameter is a legitimate and good measure, with which our literature ought to be enriched. "I first adventure; follow me who list!"

III.

I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations; not less so than the populace are of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgement, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel.

There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable booksellers. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and

come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pandar of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose? .. Men of diseased * hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a

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* *Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri fuerunt probi: in nostris id vidimus et videmus; neque alius est error à veritate longiùs quàm magna ingenia magnis necessario corrumpi vitiis. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantiâ; et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque vitiis notatum, nec inficetum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, eum*

system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the

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stipant, prædicant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio temperare, si moræ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid et verè ac epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderat. Ignorant verò febriculis non indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non differre; ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum. Savagius Landor, *De Cultu atque Usu Latini Sermonis.*

This essay, which is full of fine critical remarks and striking thoughts felicitously expressed, reached me from Pisa, while the proof of the present sheet was before me. Of its author, (the author of Gebir and Count Julian) I will only say in this place, that, to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations will have past away.

Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest* reasoners, that "the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics." There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist, .. a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

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* South.

Let rulers of the state look to this, in time! But, to use the words of South, if "our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it, .. the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent!"

No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them; and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue, and of human happiness.

IV.

Returning to the point from whence I digressed, I am aware not only that any metrical innovation which meets the eye of the reader generally provokes his displeasure, but that there prevails a particular prejudice against the introduction of hexameters in our language. The experiment, it is alleged, was tried in the Elizabethan age, and failed, though made under the greatest possible advantages of favour, being encouraged by the great patron of literature, Sir Philip Sidney, (in letters, as well as in all other accomplishments and all virtues, the most illustrious ornament of that illustrious court,) and by the Queen herself.

That attempt failed, because it was made upon a scheme which inevitably prevented its success. No principle of adaption was tried. Sidney and his followers wished to subject the English pronunciation to the rules of Latin prosody: but if it be difficult to reconcile the public to a new tune in verse, it is plainly impossible to reconcile them to a new * pronunciation. There was the farther obstacle of unusual and violent elisions; and, moreover, the easy and natural order of our speech was distorted by the frequent use of forced inversions, which are utterly improper in an uninflected language. Even if the subjects for the experiment had been judiciously chosen, and well composed in all other respects, these errors must have been fatal; but Sidney, whose prose is so full of imagery and felicitous ex-

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* For example:

Neither he bears reverēnce to a prince, nor pity to a beggar.

That to my ādvancement their wisdoms have me abased.

Well may a pastor plāin; but, alas! his plaints be not ēsteemed.

ōpprest wīth ruinoūs conceits by the help of an outcry.

Dēspair most tragicāl clause to a deadly request.

Hard like a rich marblē; hard but a fair diamōnd.

pressions that he is one of our greatest poets in prose, and whose other poems contain beauties of a high order, seems to have lost all ear * for rhythm, and all feeling of poetry, when he was engaged in metrical experiments.

What in Sidney's hands was uncouth and difficult, was made ridiculous by Stanihurst, whose translation of the four first books of the Æneid into hexameters is one of the most portentous compositions in any language. No satire could so effectually have exposed the measure to derision. The specimens which Abraham Fraunce produced were free from Stanihurst's eccentricities, and were much less awkward and constrained than Sidney's. But the mistaken principle upon which the metre was constructed was fatal, and would have proved so even if Fraunce had possessed greater powers of thought and of diction. The failure therefore was complete †, and for some gener-

* That the reader may not suppose I have depreciated Sidney and his followers, by imputing to the faults of their execution a failure which the nature of the metre itself might explain, I have added a few fair samples at the end of the volume.

† A writer in the Censura Literaria (vol. iv. 386.) has said, that hexameters were "much in vogue, owing to the pernicious example of Spenser and

ations it seems to have prevented any thought of repeating the experiment.

Goldsmith, in later days, delivered * an opinion in its favour, ob-

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Gabriel Harvey." They were never in vogue. There is no reason to believe, that Spenser ever wrote an English hexameter; and Gabriel Harvey's example only incurred ridicule. With so little knowledge of facts, and so little regard to accuracy, are confident assertions sometimes made!

Gabriel Harvey was one of the great promoters of the attempt; and Spenser, who was his intimate friend, is believed to have sanctioned it by his opinion, ...certainly not by his example. That great master of versification has left only one piece which is not written in rhyme. It was printed in Davison's Poetical Rhapsodie, and is inserted in Warton's Observations on the Faery Queen, vol. ii. p. 245. The author has called it an Iambic Elegy, but neither by any rule of quantity, or violence of accentuation, can it be reduced to iambics.

* "It is generally supposed," says Goldsmith, "that the genius of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure; but this, we apprehend, is a mistake owing to the prejudice of education. It is impossible that the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accustomed from our infancy to the numbers of English poetry, and the very sound and signification of

serving, that all the feet of the ancient poetry are still found in the versification of living languages, and that it is impossible the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. He had seen, he says, several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphics, so happily composed, that they were, in all respects, as melodious and agreeable to the ear as the works of Virgil and Horace. What these specimens * were I have not discovered: .. the sapphics may pos-

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the words disposes the ear to receive them in a certain manner; so that its disappointment must be attended with a disagreable sensation. In imbibing the first rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin poetry; and this being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words that constitute those dead languages, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the ancient measure from which they are not easily disjoined. But we will venture to say, this difficulty might be surmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice; and, in that case, we should in time be as well pleased with English, as with Latin hexameters." *Goldsmith's Essays*, vol. ii. p. 265.

* Mr. Park (Censura Literaria, vol. iv. 233.) mentions an attempt to revive what he calls "this obsolete whimsey by an anonymous writer in

sibly have been those by Dr. Watts. Proofs of the practicability of the hexameter were given about twenty years ago, by some translations from the Messiah of Klopstock, which appeared in the Monthly Magazine; and by an eclogue, entitled The Showman, printed in the second volume of the Annual Anthology. These were written by my old friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, the translator of Burger's Lenora:..of whom it would be difficult to say, whether he is more deservedly admired by all who know him for the variety of his talents, the richness and ingenuity of his discourse, and the liveliness of his fancy, or loved and esteemed by them for the goodness of his heart. In repeating the experiment upon a more adequate scale, and upon a subject suited to the movement, I have fulfilled one of the hopes and intentions of my early life.

1737, who translated the first and fourth Eclogues of Virgil, &c. into hexametrical verse, and prefixed a vindication of his attempt, with directions for the reader's pronunciation."

I venture to hope that this excellent English scholar will no longer think the scheme of writing English hexameters a mere whimsey. Glad, indeed, should I be, if my old acquaintance were to be as well pleased with the present attempt, as I have been with some of his Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musings.

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A

VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

A VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

I.

THE TRANCE.

'TWAS at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed:
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
Mountain and lake and vale; the valley disrobed of its verdure;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed; the hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramar

Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and westermost Withop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gather'd above them
High in the middle air, huge, purple, pillowy masses,
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight;
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Earth was hushed and still; all motion and sound were suspended:
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,
Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness.
Pensive I stood and alone, the hour and the scene had subdued me,
And as I gazed in the west, where Infinity seem'd to be open,
Yearn'd to be free from time, and felt that this life is a thraldom.

Thus as I stood, the bell which awhile from its warning had rested,
Sent forth its note again, toll, toll, through the silence of evening.
'Tis a deep dull sound that is heavy and mournful at all times,
For it tells of mortality always. But heavier this day
Fell on the conscious ear its deeper and mournfuller import,

Yea, in the heart it sunk; for this was the day when the herald
Breaking his wand should proclaim, that George our King was departed.
Thou art released! I cried: thy soul is deliver'd from bondage!
Thou who hast lain so long in mental and visual darkness,
Thou art in yonder heaven! thy place is in light and in glory.

Come, and behold! ... methought a startling Voice from the twilight
Answered; and therewithal I felt a stroke as of lightning,
With a sound like the rushing of winds, or the roaring of waters.
If from without it came, I knew not, so sudden the seizure;
Or if the brain itself in that strong flash had expended
All its electric stores. Of strength and of thought it bereft me;
Hearing, and sight, and sense, were gone; and when I awaken'd,
'Twas from a dream of death, in silence and uttermost darkness;
Knowing not where or how, nor if I was rapt in the body,
Nor if entranced, or dead. But all around me was blackness,
Utterly blank and void, as if this ample creation
Had been blotted out, and I were alone in the chaos.

Yet had I even then a living hope to sustain me
Under that aweful thought, and I strengthen'd my spirit with prayer.

Comfort I sought and support, and both were found in retiring
Into that inner world, the soul's strong hold and her kingdom.
Then came again the Voice, but then no longer appalling,
Like the voice of a friend it came: O son of the Muses!
Be of good heart, it said, and think not that thou art abandon'd;
For to thy mortal sight shall the Grave unshadow its secrets;
Such as of yore the Florentine saw, Hell's perilous chambers
He who trod in his strength; and the arduous Mountain of Penance,
And the regions of Paradise, sphere within sphere intercircled.
Child of Earth, look up! and behold what passes before thee.

II.

THE VAULT.

SO by the unseen comforted, raised I my head in obedience,
And in a vault I found myself placed, arch'd over on all sides.
Narrow and low was that house of the dead. Around it were coffins,
Each in its niche, and palls, and urns, and funeral hatchments;
Velvets of Tyrian die, retaining their hues unfaded;
Blazonry vivid still, as if fresh from the touch of the limner;
Nor was the golden fringe, nor the golden broidery tarnish'd.

Whence came the light whereby that place of death was discover'd?
For there was there no lamp, whose wonderous flame inextinguish'd,
As with a vital power endued, renewing its substance,
Age after age unchanged, endureth in self-subsistence:
Nor did the cheerful beam of day, direct or reflected,
Penetrate there. That low and subterranean chamber

Saw not the living ray, nor felt the breeze; but for ever
Closely immured, was seal'd in perpetual silence and darkness.
Whence then this lovely light, calm, pure, and soft, and cerulean,
Such as the sapphire sheds? And whence this air that infuses
Strength while I breathe it in, and a sense of life, and a stillness,
Filling the heart with peace, and giving a joy that contents it?
Not of the Earth that light; and these paradisiacal breathings,
Not of the Earth are they!

These thoughts were passing within me,
When there arose around a strain of heavenly music,
Such as the hermit hears when Angels visit his slumbers.
Faintly it first began, scarce heard; and gentle its rising,
Low as the softest breath that passes in summer at evening
O'er the Eolian strings, felt there when nothing is moving,
Save the thistle-down, lighter than air, and the leaf of the aspin.
Then as it swell'd and rose, the thrilling melody deepen'd;
Such, methought, should the music be, which is heard in the cloister,
By the sisterhood standing around the beatified Virgin,

When with her dying eyes she sees the firmament open,
Lifts from the bed of dust her arms towards her beloved,
Utters his name adored, and breathes out her soul in a rapture.

Well could I then believe such legends, and well could I credit
All that the poets old relate of Amphion and Orpheus;
How to melodious sounds wild beasts their strength have surrender'd,
Men were reclaim'd from the woods, and stones in harmonious order
Mov'd, as their atoms obey'd the mysterious attraction of concord.
This was a higher strain; a mightier, holier virtue
Came with its powerful tones. O'ercome by the piercing emotion,
Dizzy I grew, and it seem'd as though my soul were dissolving.
How might I bear unmov'd such sounds? For, like as the vapours
Melt on the mountain side, when the sun comes forth in his splendour,
Even so the vaulted roof and whatever was earthly
Faded away; the Grave was gone, and the dead was awaken'd.

III.

THE AWAKENING.

THEN I beheld the King. From a cloud which cover'd the pavement
His reverend form uprose: heavenward his face was directed,
Heavenward his eyes were rais'd, and heavenward his arms were extended.
Lord, it is past! he cried; the mist, and the weight, and the darkness;..
That long and weary night, that long drear dream of desertion.
Father, to Thee I come! My days have been many and evil;
Heavy my burthen of care, and grievous hath been my affliction.
Thou hast releas'd me at length. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted;
Thou art my hope and my strength!... And then in profound adoration,
Crossing his arms on his breast, he bent and worshipp'd in silence.

Presently one approach'd to greet him with joyful obeisance;
He of whom in an hour of woe, the assassin bereav'd us
When his counsels most, and his resolute virtue were needed.

Thou, said the Monarch, here? Thou, Perceval, summon'd before me? ...
Then as his waken'd mind to the weal of his country reverted,
What of his son, he ask'd, what course by the Prince had been follow'd.
Right in his Father's steps hath the Regent trod, was the answer:
Firm hath he proved and wise, at a time when weakness or error
Would have sunk us in shame, and to ruin have hurried us headlong.
True to himself hath he been, and Heaven has rewarded his counsels.

Peace is obtain'd then at last, with safety and honour! the Monarch
Cried, and he clasp'd his hands; ... I thank Thee, O merciful Father!
Now is my heart's desire fulfill'd.
With honour surpassing
All that in elder time had adorn'd the annals of England,
Peace hath been won by the sword, the faithful minister answer'd.
Paris hath seen once more the banners of England in triumph
Wave within her walls, and the ancient line is establish'd.
While that man of blood, the tyrant, faithless and godless,
Render'd at length the sport, as long the minion of Fortune,

Far away, confined in a rocky isle of the ocean,
Fights his battles again, and pleas'd to win in the chamber
What he lost in the field, in fancy conquers his conqueror.
There he reviles his foes, and there the ungrateful accuses
For his own defaults the men who too faithfully serv'd him;
Frets and complains and intrigues, and abuses the mercy that spared him.
Oh that my King could have known these things! could have witness'd how England
Check'd in its full career the force of her enemy's empire,
Singly defied his arms and his arts, and baffled them singly,
Rous'd from their lethal sleep with the stirring example the nations,
And the refluent tide swept him and his fortune before it.
Oh that my King, ere he died, might have seen the fruit of his counsels!

Nay, it is better thus, the Monarch piously answer'd;
Here I can bear the joy; it comes as an earnest of Heaven.
Righteous art Thou, O Lord! long-suffering, but sure are thy judgements.

Then having paused awhile, like one in devotion abstracted,
Earthward his thoughts recurred, so deeply the care of his country
Lay in that royal soul reposed: and he said, Is the spirit
Quell'd which hath troubled the land? and the multitude freed from delusion,
Know they their blessings at last, and are they contented and thankful?

Still is that fierce and restless spirit at work, was the answer;
Still it deceiveth the weak, and inflameth the rash and the desperate.
Even now, I ween, some dreadful deed is preparing;
For the Souls of the Wicked are loose, and the Powers of Evil
Move on the wing alert. Some nascent horror they look for,
Be sure! some accursed conception of filth and of darkness
Ripe for its monstrous birth. Whether France or Britain be threaten'd,
Soon will the issue shew; or if both at once are endanger'd:
For with the ghosts obscene of Robespierre, Danton, and Hebert,
Faux and Despard I saw, and the band of rabid fanatics,
They whom Venner led, who rising in frantic rebellion
Made the Redeemer's name their cry of slaughter and treason.

IV.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

THUS as he spake, methought the surrounding space dilated.
Over head I beheld the infinite ether; beneath us
Lay the solid expanse of the firmament spread like a pavement:
Wheresoever I look'd, there was light and glory around me.
Brightest it seem'd in the East, where the New Jerusalem glitter'd.
Eminent on a hill, there stood the Celestial City;
Beaming afar it shone; its towers and cupolas rising
High in the air serene, with the brightness of gold in the furnace,
Where on their breadth the splendour lay intense and quiescent:
Part with a fierier glow, and a short quick tremulous motion,
Like the burning pyropus; and turrets and pinnacles sparkled,
Playing in jets of light, with a diamond-like glory coruscant.
Groves of all hues of green their foliage intermingled,
Tempering with grateful shade the else unendurable lustre.

Drawing near, I beheld what over the portal was written:
This is the Gate of Bliss, it said; 'thro' me is the passage
To the City of God, the abode of beatified Spirits.
Weariness is not there, nor change, nor sorrow, nor parting;
Time hath no place therein; nor evil. Ye who would enter,
Drink of the Well of Life, and put away all that is earthly.

O'er the adamantine gates an Angel stood on the summit.
Ho! he exclaim'd, King George of England cometh to judgement!
Hear Heaven! Ye Angels hear! Souls of the Good and the Wicked
Whom it concerns, attend! Thou, Hell, bring forth his accusers!
As the sonorous summons was utter'd, the Winds, who were waiting,
Bore it abroad thro' Heaven; and Hell, in her nethermost caverns,
Heard, and obey'd in dismay.
Anon a body of splendour
Gather'd before the gate, and veil'd the Ineffable Presence,
Which, with a rushing of wings, came down. The sentient ether
Shook with that dread descent, and the solid firmament trembled.

Round the cloud were the Orders of Heaven... Archangel and Angel,
Principality, Cherub and Seraph, Thrones, Dominations,
Virtues, and Powers. The Souls of the Good, whom Death had made perfect,
Flocking on either hand, a multitudinous army,
Came at the aweful call. In semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place: aloft, in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, that glorious company glisten'd.
From the skirts of the shining assembly, a silvery vapour
Rose in the blue serene, and moving onward it deepen'd,
Taking a denser form; the while from the opposite region
Heavy and sulphurous clouds roll'd on, and completed the circle.
There with the Spirits accurst, in congenial darkness envelop'd,
Were the Souls of the Wicked, who wilful in guilt and in error,
Chose the service of sin, and now were abiding its wages.
Change of place to them brought no reprieval from anguish;
They in their evil thoughts and desires of impotent malice,
Envy, and hate, and blasphemous rage, and remorse unavailing,
Carried a Hell within, to which all outer affliction,

So it abstracted the sense, might be deem'd a remission of torment.

At the edge of the cloud, the Princes of Darkness were marshall'd:

Dimly descried within were wings and truculent faces;

And in the thick obscure there struggled a mutinous uproar,

Railing, and fury, and strife, that the whole deep body of darkness

Roll'd like a troubled sea, with a wide and a manifold motion.

V.

THE ACCUSERS.

ON the cerulean floor by that dread circle surrounded,
Stood the soul of the King alone. In front was the Presence
Veil'd with excess of light; and behind was the blackness of darkness.
Then might be seen the strength of holiness, then was its triumph,
Calm in his faith he stood, and his own clear conscience upheld him.

When the trumpet was blown, and the Angel made proclamation—
Lo, where the King appears! Come forward ye who arraign him!
Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the summons.
It was the Spirit by whom his righteous reign had been troubled;
Likest in form uncouth to the hideous Idols whom India
(Long by guilty neglect to hellish delusions abandon'd,)
Worships with horrible rites of self-destruction and torture.
Many-headed and monstrous the Fiend; with numberless faces,

Numberless bestial ears erect to all rumours, and restless,
And with numberless mouths which were fill'd with lies as with arrows.
Clamours arose as he came, a confusion of turbulent voices,
Maledictions, and blatant tongues, and viperous hisses;
And in the hubbub of senseless sounds the watchwords of faction,
Freedom, Invaded Rights, Corruption, and War, and Oppression,
Loudly enounced were heard.

But when he stood in the Presence,
Then was the Fiend dismay'd, tho' with impudence cloth'd as a garment;
And the lying tongues were mute, and the lips which had scatter'd
Accusation and slander, were still. No time for evasion
This, in the Presence he stood; no place for flight; for dissembling
No possibility there. From the souls on the edge of the darkness,
Two he produced, prime movers and agents of mischief, and bade them
Show themselves faithful now to the cause for which they had labour'd.
Wretched and guilty souls, where now their audacity? Where now
Are the insolent tongues so ready of old at rejoinder?
Where the lofty pretences of public virtue and freedom?

Where the gibe, and the jeer, and the threat, the envenom'd invective,
Calumny, falsehood, fraud, and the whole ammunition of malice?
Wretched and guilty souls, they stood in the face of their Sovereign,
Conscious and self-condemn'd; confronted with him they had injured,
At the Judgement-seat they stood.

Beholding the foremost,
Him by the cast of his eye oblique, I knew as the firebrand
Whom the unthinking populace held for their idol and hero,
Lord of Misrule in his day. But how was that countenance alter'd
Where emotion of fear or of shame had never been witness'd;
That invincible forehead abash'd; and those eyes wherein malice
Once had been wont to shine with wit and hilarity temper'd,
Into how deep a gloom their mournful expression had settled!
Little avail'd it now that not from a purpose malignant,
Not with evil intent he had chosen the service of evil;
But of his own desires the slave, with profligate impulse,
Solely by selfishness mov'd, and reckless of aught that might follow.
Could he plead in only excuse a confession of baseness?

Could he hide the extent of his guilt; or hope to atone for
Faction excited at home, when all old feuds were abated,
Insurrection abroad, and the train of woes that had follow'd!
Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the dragon,
He had sown on the winds; they had ripen'd beyond the Atlantic;
Thence in natural birth sedition, revolt, revolution;
France had received the seeds, and reap'd the harvest of horrors;..
Where ... where should the plague be stay'd? Oh, most to be pitied
They of all souls in bale, who see no term to the evil
They by their guilt have rais'd, no end to their inner upbraidings!

Him I could not choose but know, nor knowing but grieve for.
Who might the other be, his comrade in guilt and in suffering,
Brought to the proof like him, and shrinking like him from the trial?
Nameless the libeller lived, and shot his arrows in darkness;
Undetected he passed to the grave, and leaving behind him
Noxious works on earth, and the pest of an evil example,
Went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.

Mask'd had he been in his life, and now a visor of iron
Rivetted round his head, had abolish'd his features for ever.
Speechless the slanderer stood, and turn'd his face from the Monarch
Iron-bound as it was, .. so insupportably dreadful
Soon or late to conscious guilt is the eye of the injured.

Caitiffs, are ye dumb? cried the multifaced Demon in anger;
Think ye then by shame to shorten the term of your penance?
Back to your penal dens!... And with horrible grasp gigantic
Seizing the guilty pair, he swung them aloft, and in vengeance
Hurl'd them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness.
Sons of Faction, be warn'd! And ye, ye Slanderers! learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind that after death there is judgement.
Whirling, away they flew. Nor long himself did he tarry,
Ere from the ground where he stood, caught up by a vehement whirlwind,
He too was hurried away; and the blast with lightning and thunder
Vollying aright and aleft amid the accumulate blackness,
Scatter'd its inmates accurst, and beyond the limits of ether

Drove the hircine host obscene: they howling and groaning
Fell precipitate, down to their dolorous place of endurance.
Then was the region clear; the arrowy flashes which redden'd
Thro' the foul thick throng, like sheeted argentry floating
Now o'er the blue serene, diffused an innocuous splendour,
In the infinite dying away. The roll of the thunder
Ceased, and all sounds were hush'd, till again from the gate adamantine
Was the voice of the Angel heard thro' the silence of Heaven.

VI.

THE ABSOLVERS.

HO ! he exclaim'd, King George of England standeth in judgement!
Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who on earth arraign'd him,
Come ye before him now, and here accuse or absolve him!
For injustice hath here no place.

From the Souls of the Blessed
Some were there then who advanced; and more from the skirts of the meeting,
Spirits who had not yet accomplish'd their purification,
Yet being cleansed from pride, from faction and error deliver'd,
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind is clouded,
They, in their better state, saw all things clear; and discerning
Now in the light of truth what tortuous views had deceived them,
They acknowledged their fault, and own'd the wrong they had offer'd;
Not without ingenuous shame, and a sense of compunction,
More or less, as each had more or less to atone for.

One alone remain'd, when the rest had retired to their station:
Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in silence,
With a steady mien, regarded the face of the Monarch.
Thoughtful awhile he gazed; severe, but serene, was his aspect;
Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion could weaken,
Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter:
Lord of his own resolves, .. of his own heart absolute master.
Aweful Spirit! his place was with ancient sages and heroes:
Fabius, Aristides, and Solon, and Epaminondas.

Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met! said the Spirit;
King of England! albeit in life opposed to each other,
Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
Ween I; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
Each to each that justice which each from each had withholden.
In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as a Rebel,
Thou a Tyrant to me; ... so strongly doth circumstance rule men
During evil days, when right and wrong are confounded.

Left to our hearts we were just. For me, my actions have spoken,
That not for lawless desires, nor goaded by desperate fortunes,
Nor for ambition, I chose my part; but observant of duty,
Self-approved. And here, this witness I willingly bear thee, . .
Here, before Angels and Men, in the awful hour of judgement, . .
Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a Sovereign,
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom, and people.
Heaven in these things fulfill'd its wise, tho' inscrutable purpose,
While we work'd its will, doing each in his place as became him.

Washington! said the Monarch, well hast thou spoken and truly,
Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest,
Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction and falsehood,
Kindled and fed the flame: but verily they have their guerdon.
Thou and I are free from offence. And would that the nations,
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,
All injurious thought, and honouring each in the other
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,

Live in brotherhood wisely conjoined. We set the example.

They who stir up strife, and would break that natural concord,

Evil they sow, and sorrow will they reap for their harvest.

VII.

THE BEATIFICATION.

WHEN that Spirit withdrew, the Monarch around the assembly
Look'd, but none else came forth; and he heard the voice of the Angel,..
King of England, speak for thyself! here is none to arraign thee.
Father, he replied, from whom no secrets are hidden,
What should I say! Thou knowest that mine was an arduous station,
Full of cares, and with perils beset. How heavy the burthen
Thou alone canst tell! Short-sighted and frail hast Thou made us,
And Thy judgements who can abide? But as surely Thou knowest
The desire of my heart hath been alway the good of my people,
Pardon my errors, O Lord, and in mercy accept the intention!
As in Thee I have trusted, so let me not now be confounded!

Bending forward he spake with earnest humility. Well done,
Good and faithful servant! then said a Voice from the Brightness,

Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.... The ministring Spirits
Clapt their pennons therewith, and from that whole army of Angels
Songs of thanksgiving and joy resounded, and loud hallelujahs;
While on the wings of Winds uprais'd, the pavilion of splendour
Where inscrutable light enveloped the Holy of Holies,
Moved, and was borne away, thro' the empyrean ascending.

Beautiful then on its hill appear'd the Celestial City,
Soften'd, like evening suns, to a mild and bearable lustre.
Beautiful was the ether above; and the sapphire beneath us,
Beautiful was its tone, to the dazzled sight as refreshing
As the fields with their loveliest green at the coming of summer,
When the mind is at ease, and the eye and the heart are contented.

Then methought we approach'd the gate. In front of the portal,
From a rock where the standard of man's Redemption was planted,
Issued the Well of Life, where whosoever would enter,
So it was written, must drink, and put away all that is earthly.

Earth among its gems, its creations of art and of nature,
Offers not aught whereto that marvellous Cross may be liken'd
Even in dim similitude, such was its wonderful substance.
Pure it was and diaphanous. It had no visible lustre;
Yet from It alone whole Heaven was illuminate alway;
Day and Night being none in the upper firmament, neither
Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars; but from that Cross as a fountain
Flow'd the Light uncreated; light all-sufficing, eternal,
Light which was, and which is, and which will be, for ever and ever;
Light of light, which, if daringly gazed on, would blind an Archangel,
Yet the eye of weak man may behold, and beholding is strengthened.
Yea, while we wander below, opprest with our bodily burthen,
And in the shadow of death, this Light is in mercy vouchsafed us,
So we seek it with humble heart; and the soul that receives it
Hath with it healing and strength, peace, love, and life everlasting.

Thither the King drew nigh, and kneeling he drank of the water.
Oh what a change was wrought! In the semblance of age he had risen,

Such as at last he appear'd, with the traces of time and affliction
Deep on his faded form, when the burthen of years was upon him.
Oh what a change was wrought! For now the corruptible put on
Incorruption; the mortal put off mortality. Rising
Rejuvenescent he stood in a glorified body, obnoxious
Never again to change, nor to evil and trouble and sorrow,
But for eternity form'd, and to bliss everlasting appointed.

VIII.

THE SOVEREIGNS.

LIFT up your heads, ye Gates; and ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up! For lo! a glorified Monarch approacheth,
One who in righteousness reign'd, and religiously govern'd his people.
Who are these that await him within? Nassau the Deliverer,
Him I knew: and the Stuart, he who, serene in his meekness,
Bow'd his anointed head beneath the axe of rebellion,
Calm in that insolent hour, and over his fortune triumphant.

Queen of the eagle eye, thou too, O matchless Eliza,
Excellent Queen, wert there! and thy brother's beautiful spirit;
O'er whose innocent head there hover'd a silvery halo,
Such as crowns the Saint when his earthly warfare is ended.

There too was he of the sable mail, the hero of Cressy,
Flower of chivalry, he, in arms and in courtesy peerless.
There too his royal sire I saw, magnificent Edward,
He who made the English renown, and the fame of his Windsor
In the Orient and Occident known, from Tagus to Tigris.
Lion-hearted Richard was there, redoubtable warrior,
At whose irresistible presence the Saracen trembled;
At whose name the Caliph exclaim'd in dismay on Mahommed,
Syrian mothers grew pale, and their children were scared into silence.
Born in a bloody age, did he in his prowess exulting
Run like a meteor his course, and fulfil the service assign'd him,
Checking the Mussulman power in the height of its prosperous fortune;
But that leonine heart was with virtues humaner ennobled,
(Otherwhere else, be sure, his doom had now been appointed,)
Friendship, disdain of wrong, and generous feeling redeem'd it,
Magnanimity there had its seat, and the love of the Muses.

There with the Saxon Kings who founded our laws and our temples,
(Gratefully still to be named while these endure in remembrance,
They, for the pious work!) I saw the spirit of Alfred;
Alfred than whom no Prince with loftier intellect gifted,
Nor with a finer soul, nor in virtue more absolute, ever
Made a throne twice-hallow'd, and reign'd in the hearts of his people.
With him the Worthies were seen who in life partook of his labours,
Shared his thoughts, and with him for the weal of posterity travail'd:
Some who in cloisters immured, and to painful study devoted
Day and night, their patient and innocent lives exhausted,
And in meekness possess'd their souls; and some who in battle
Put the Raven to flight: and some who intrepid in duty
Reach'd the remotest East, or invading the kingdom of Winter,
Plough'd with audacious keel the Hyperborean Ocean.
I could perceive the joy which fill'd their beatified spirits
While of the Georgian age they thought, and the glory of England.

IX.

THE ELDER WORTHIES.

LIFT up your heads, ye Gates; and ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up! Behold the Worthies are there to receive him,
They who in later days, or in elder ages ennobled
Britain's dear name. Bede I beheld, who, humble and holy,
Shone like a single star, serene in a night of darkness.
Bacon also was there, the marvellous Friar; and he who
Struck the spark from which the Bohemian kindled his taper;
Thence the flame, long and hardly preserv'd, was to Luther transmitted,
Mighty soul, and he lifted his torch, and enlighten'd the nations.

Thee too, Father Chaucer! I saw, and delighted to see thee,
At whose well undefiled I drank in my youth, and was strengthen'd;
With whose mind immortal so oft I have communed, partaking
All its manifold moods, and willingly moved at its pleasure.

Bearing the palm of martyrdom, Cranmer was there in his meekness,
Holy name to be ever revered! And Cecil, whose wisdom
'Stablish'd the Church and State, Eliza's pillar of council.
And Shakespeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire
Not to be shaken by Time, nor e'er by another divided.
But with what love did I then behold the face of my master, . .
Spenser, my master dear! with whom in boyhood I wander'd
Thro' the regions of Faery Land, in forest or garden
Spending delicious hours, or at tilt and tourney rejoicing;
Yea, by the magic of verse enlarged, and translated in spirit,
In the World of Romance free denizen I; . . . till awakening,
When the spell was dissolved, this real earth and its uses
Seem'd to me weary, and stale, and flat.
With other emotion
Milton's severer shade I saw, and in reverence humbled
Gazed on that soul sublime: of passion now as of blindness
Heal'd, and no longer here to Kings and to Hierarchs hostile,
He was assoil'd from taint of the fatal fruit; and in Eden

Not again to be lost, consorted an equal with Angels.

Taylor too was there, from whose mind of its treasures redundant

Streams of eloquence flow'd, like an inexhaustible fountain:

And the victor of Blenheim, alike in all virtues accomplish'd,

Public or private, he; the perfect soldier and statesman,

England's reproach and her pride, her pride for his noble achievements,

Her reproach for the wrongs he endur'd: And Newton, exalted

There above those orbs whose motions from earth he had measur'd,

Thro' infinity ranging in thought: And Berkeley, angelic

Now in substance as soul, that kingdom enjoying where all things

Are what they seem, and the good and the beautiful there are eternal.

X.

THE WORTHIES OF THE GEORGIAN AGE.

THESE with a kindred host of great and illustrious spirits
Stood apart, while a train whom nearer duty attracted
Thro' the Gate of Bliss came forth to welcome their Sovereign.
Many were they and glorious all. Conspicuous among them
Wolfe was seen: And the seaman who fell on the shores of Owhyhee,
Leaving a lasting name, to humanity dear as to science:
And the mighty musician of Germany, ours by adoption,
Who beheld in the King his munificent pupil and patron.
Reynolds, with whom began that school of art which hath equall'd
Richest Italy's works, and the masterly labours of Belgium,
Came in that famous array: and Hogarth, who followed no master,
Nor by pupil shall e'er be approach'd, alone in his greatness.
Reverend in comely mien, of aspect mild and benignant,
There, too, Wesley I saw and knew, whose zeal apostolic,

Tho' with error alloy'd, hath on earth its merited honour,
As in Heaven its reward. And Mansfield the just and intrepid;
Wise Judge, by the craft of the Law ne'er seduced from its purpose;
And when the misled multitude raged like the winds in their madness,
Not to be moved from his rightful resolves. And Burke I beheld there,
Eloquent statesman and sage, who, tho' late, broke loose from his trammels,
Giving then to mankind what party too long had diverted.
Here, where wrongs are forgiven, was the injured Hastings beside him
Strong in his high deserts, and in innocence happy, tho' injured,
He, in his good old age, outlived persecution and malice.
Even where he had stood a mark for the arrows of slander,
He had his triumph at last, when moved with one feeling, the Senate
Rose in respect at his sight, and atoned for the sin of their fathers.

Cowper, thy lovely spirit was there, by death disenchanted
From that heavy spell which had bound it in sorrow and darkness,
Thou wert there, in the kingdom of peace and of light everlasting.
Nelson also was there in the kingdom of peace, tho' his calling

While upon earth he dwelt, was to war and the work of destruction.

Not in him had that aweful ministry deaden'd, or weaken'd

Quick compassion, and feelings that raise while they soften our nature.

Wise in counsel, and steady in purpose, and rapid in action,

Never thought of self from the course of his duty seduced him,

Never doubt of the issue unworthily warpt his intention.

Long shall his memory live, and while his example is cherish'd,

From the Queen of the Seas, the sceptre shall never be wrested.

XI.

THE YOUNG SPIRITS.

YE whom I leave unnam'd, ye other Worthies of Britain,

Lights of the Georgian age, ... for ye are many and noble,

How might I name ye all, whom I saw in this glorious vision? ...

Pardon ye the imperfect tale! Yet some I beheld there,

Whom should I pretermit, my heart might rightly upbraid me,

That its tribute of honour, poor tho' it be, was withholden.

Somewhat apart they came in fellowship gather'd together,

As in goodly array they follow'd the train of the worthies.

Chosen spirits were these, of the finest elements temper'd,

And embodied on earth in mortality's purest texture;

But in the morning of hope, in the blossom of virtue and genius,

They were cut down by death. What then, .. were it wise to lament them,

Seeing the mind bears with it its wealth, and the soul its affections?

What we sow, we shall reap; and the seeds whereof earth is not worthy
Strike their roots in a kindlier soil, and ripen to harvest.

Here were the gallant youths of high heroic aspiring,
Who, so fate had allow'd, with the martial renown of their country
Would have wedded their names, for perpetual honour united;
Strong of heart and of mind, but in undistinguishing battle,
Or by pestilence stricken, they fell, unknown and confounded
With the common dead. Oh! many are they who were worthy,
Under the Red Cross flag, to have wielded the thunders of Britain,
Making her justice felt, and her proper power upholding
Upon all seas and shores, wheresoever her rights were offended,
Followers of Nelson's path, and the glorious career of the Wellesley.
Many are they, whose bones beneath the billows have whiten'd,
Or in foreign earth they have moulder'd, hastily cover'd,
In some wide and general grave.

Here also were spirits
To have guided, like Cecil of old, the councils of England;

Or have silenced and charm'd a tumultuous Senate, like Canning,
When to the height of his theme, the consummate Orator rising,
Makes our Catalines pale, and rejoices the friends of their country.

Others came in that goodly band whom benigner fortune
Led into pleasanter ways on earth: the children of Science
Some, whose unerring pursuit would, but for death, have extended
O'er the unknown and material, Man's intellectual empire,
Such their intuitive power; like Davy, disarming destruction
When it moves on the vapour; or him, who discovering the secret
Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius
Arm'd the chemist's hand: well then might Eleusinian Ceres
Yield to him, from whom the seas and the mountains conceal'd not
Nature's mystery, hid in their depths.

Here lost in their promise
And prime, were the children of Art, who should else have deliver'd
Works and undying names to grateful posterity's keeping,
Such as Haydon will leave on earth; and he who, returning

Rich in praise to his native shores, hath left a remembrance
Long to be honour'd and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber:
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston.

Here too, early lost and deplored, were the youths whom the Muses
Mark'd for themselves at birth, and with dews from Castalia sprinkled:
Chatterton first, (for not to his affectionate spirit
Could the act of madness innate for guilt be accounted):
Marvellous boy, whose antique songs and unhappy story
Shall, by gentle hearts, be in mournful memory cherish'd
Long as thy ancient towers endure, and the rocks of St. Vincent,
Bristol! my birth-place dear. What though I have chosen a dwelling
Far away, and my grave shall not be found by the stranger
Under thy sacred care, nathless in love and in duty
Still am I bound to thee, and by many a deep recollection!
City of elder days, I know how largely I owe thee;
Nor least for the hope and the strength that I gather'd in boyhood,

While on Chatterton musing, I fancied his spirit was with me
In the haunts which he loved upon earth. 'Twas a joy in my vision
When I beheld his face... And here was the youth of Loch Leven,
Nipt, like an April flower, that opens its leaves to the sunshine,
While the breath of the East prevails. And Russell and Bampfylde,
Bright emanations they! And the Poet, whose songs of childhood
Trent and the groves of Clifton heard; not alone by the Muses
But by the Virtues loved, his soul in its youthful aspirings
Sought the Holy Hill, and his thirst was for Siloa's waters.
Was I deceived by desire, or, Henry, indeed did thy spirit
Know me, and meet my look, and smile like a friend at the meeting?

XII.

THE MEETING.

LIFT up your heads, ye Gates; and ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up! Behold the splendent train of the Worthies
Halt; and with quicker pace a happy company issues
Forth from the Gate of Bliss: the Parents, the Children, and Consort,
Come to welcome in Heaven the Son, the Father, and Husband!
Hour of perfect joy that o'erpays all earthly affliction;
Yea, and the thought whereof supporteth the soul in its anguish!

There came England's blossom of hope, .. the beautiful Princess;
She in whose wedded bliss all hearts rejoiced, and whose death-bell,
Heard from tower to tower thro' the islands, carried a sorrow,
Felt by all like a private grief, which, sleeping or waking,
Will not be shaken away; but possesses the soul and disturbs it.
There was our late-lost Queen, the nation's example of virtue;

In whose presence vice was not seen, nor the face of dishonour,
Pure in heart, and spotless in life, and secret in bounty,
Queen, and Mother, and Wife unreproved... The gentle Amelia
Stretch'd her arms to her father there, in tenderness shedding
Tears, such as Angels weep. That hand was toward him extended
Whose last pressure he could not bear, when merciful Nature,
As o'er her dying bed he bent in severest anguish,
Laid on his senses a weight, and suspended the sorrow for ever.
He hath recover'd her now: all, all that was lost is restored him;..
Hour of perfect bliss that o'erpays all earthly affliction!
They are met where Change is not known, nor Sorrow, nor Parting.
Death is subdued, and the Grave, which conquers all, hath been conquer'd.

When I beheld them meet, the desire of my soul overcame me;
And when with harp and voice the loud hosannahs of welcome
Fill'd the rejoicing sky, as the happy company enter'd
Thro' the everlasting Gates; I, too, press'd forward to enter:...
But the weight of the body withheld me. I stoopt to the fountain,

Eager to drink thereof, and to put away all that was earthly.
Darkness came over me then at the chilling touch of the water,
And my feet methought sunk, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
Then I awoke, and beheld the mountains in twilight before me,
Dark and distinct; and instead of the rapturous sound of hosannahs,
Heard the bell from the tower, toll! toll! thro' the silence of evening.

NOTES.

NOTES.

— From surrounding things the hues with which day has adorn'd them
Fade, like the hopes of youth. P. 1.

THIS effect of twilight, and in the very scene described, has been lately represented by Mr. William Westall, in one of his Views of the Lakes, with the true feeling and power of genius. The range of mountains which is described in these introductory lines, may also be seen in his View of the Vale of Keswick from the Penrith road.

— The last pale tint of the twilight,
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed. — P. 2.

St. Pierre, who is often a fanciful, generally a delightful, but always an animated and ingenious writer, has some characteristic speculations con-

cerning this green light of evening. He says, " *Je suis porté à attribuer à la couleur verte des végétaux qui couvrent en été une grande partie de notre hémisphère, cette belle teinte d'émeraude que l'on apperçoit quelquefois dans cette saison au firmament, vers le coucher du soleil. Elle est rare dans nos climats ; mais elle est fréquente entre les tropiques, où l'été dure toute l'année. Je sais bien qu'on peut rendre raison de ce phénomène par la simple réfraction des rayons du soleil dans l'atmosphère, ce prisme sphérique de notre globe. Mais, outre qu'on peut objecter que la couleur verte ne se voit point en hiver dans notre ciel, c'est que je peux apporter à l'appui de mon opinion d'autres faits qui semblent prouver que la couleur même azurée de l'atmosphère n'est qu'une réflexion de celle de l'océan. En effet, les glaces flottantes qui descendent tous les ans du pole nord, s'annoncent, devant de paroître sur l'horizon, par une lueur blanche qui éclaire le ciel jour et nuit, et qui n'est qu'un reflet des neiges cristallisées qui les composent. Cette lueur paroît semblable à celle de l'aurore boréale, dont le foyer est au milieu des glaces même de notre pole, mais dont la couleur blanche est mélangée de jaune, de rouge, et de vert, parce qu'elle participe des couleurs du sol ferrugineux et de la verdure des forêts de sapins qui couvrent notre zone glaciale. La cause de cette variation de couleurs dans notre aurore boréale est d'autant plus vraisemblable, que l'aurore australe, comme l'a observé le Capitaine Cook, en diffère en ce que sa couleur blanche n'est jamais mélangée que de teintes bleues, qui n'ont*

lieu, selon moi, que parce que les glaces du pole austral, sans continent et sans végétaux, sont entourées de toutes parts de l'océan, qui est bleu. Ne voyons-nous pas que la lune, que nous supposons couverte en grande partie de glaciers tres élevés, nous renvoie en lumière d'un blanc bleuâtre les rayons du soleil, qui sont dorés dans notre atmosphère ferrugineuse? N'est-ce pas par la réverbération d'un sol composé de fer, que la planète de Mars nous réfléchit, en tout temps, une lumière rouge? N'est-il pas plus naturel d'attribuer ces couleurs constantes aux réverbérations du sol, des mers, et des végétaux de ces planètes, plutôt qu'aux réfractions variables des rayons du soleil dans leurs atmosphères, dont les couleurs devroient changer à toute heure, suivant leurs différens aspects avec cet astre? Comme Mars apparoît constamment rouge à la terre, il est possible que la terre apparoisse à Mars comme une pierrerie brillante des couleurs de l'opale au pole nord, de celles de l'aigue-marine au pole sud, et, tour-à-tour, de celles du saphir et de l'émeraude dans le reste de sa circonférence. Mais, sans sortir de notre atmosphère, je crois que la terre y renvoie la couleur bleue de son océan avec des reflets de la couleur verte de ses végétaux, en tout temps dans la zone torride, et en été seulement dans nos climats, par la même raison que ces deux poles y réfléchissent des aurores boréales différentes, qui participent des couleurs de la terre, ou des mers qui les avoisinent.

Peut-être même notre atmosphère réfléchit-elle quelquefois les formes des

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paysages, qui annoncent les îles aux navigateurs bien long temps avant qu'ils puissent y aborder. Il est remarquable qu'elles ne se montrent comme les reflets de verdure qu'à l'horizon et du côté du soleil couchant. Je citerai, à ce sujet, un homme de l'Ile de France qui apercevoit dans le ciel les images des vaisseaux qui étoient en pleine mer : le célebre Vernet, qui m'a attesté avoir vu une fois dans les nuages les tours et les remparts d'une ville située à sept lieues de lui ; et le phénomène du détroit de Sicile, connu sous le nom de Fée-Morgane. Les nuages et les vapeurs de l'atmosphère peuvent fort bien réfléchir les formes et les couleurs des objets terrestres, puisqu'ils réfléchissent dans les parélies l'image du soleil au point de la rendre ardente comme le soleil lui-même. Enfin, les eaux de la terre répètent les couleurs et les formes des nuages de l'atmosphère : pourquoi les vapeurs de l'atmosphère, à leur tour, ne pourroient-elles pas réfléchir le bleu de la mer, la verdure et le jaune de la terre, ainsi que les couleurs chatoyantes des glaces polaires ?.

Au reste, je ne donne mon opinion que comme mon opinion. L'histoire de la nature est une édifice à peine commencé ; ne craignons pas d'y poser quelques pierres d'attente : nos neveux s'en serviront pour l'agrandir, ou les supprimeront comme superflues. Si mon autorité est nulle dans l'avenir, peu importera que je me sois trompé sur ce point : mon ouvrage rentrera dans l'obscurité d'où il étoit sorti. Mais s'il est un jour de quelque consideration,

mon erreur en physique sera plus utile à la morale, qu'une vérité d'ailleurs indifférente au bonheur des hommes. On en conclura avec raison qu'il faut être en garde contre les écrivains même accrédités.

Harmonies de la Nature, t. i. 129.

"I am inclined to attribute to the green colour of the vegetables with which, during the summer, a great part of our hemisphere is covered, that beautiful emerald tint which we sometimes perceive at that season in the firmament, towards the setting of the sun. It is rare in our climates, but is frequent between the tropics, where summer continues throughout the year. I know that this phenomenon may be explained by the simple refraction of the rays of the sun in the atmosphere, that spherical prism of our globe. But to this it may be objected, that the green colour is not seen during the winter in our sky; and moreover, I can support my opinion by other facts, which appear to prove that even the azure colour of the atmosphere is only a reflection of that of the ocean. In fact, the floating ice which descends every year from the North Pole, is announced before it appears upon the horizon, by a white blink, which enlightens the heaven day and night, and which is only a reflection of the crystallized snows, of which those masses are composed. This blink resembles the light of the *aurora borealis*, the centre of which is in the middle of the ice of our pole, but the white colour of which is mixed with yellow, with red, and with

green, because it partakes of the colour of a ferruginous soil, and of the verdure of the pine forests which cover our icy zone. This explanation of these variations of colour in our *aurora borealis*, is so much the more probable, because that of the *aurora australis*, as Captain Cook has observed, differs in that its white colour is mixed with blue tints alone, which can only be, according to my opinion, because the ice of the austral pole (where there is no continent and no vegetation,) is surrounded on all parts with the ocean, which is blue. Do we not see that the moon, which we suppose to be covered in great part with very elevated glaciers, sends back to us, in a light of a bluish white, the rays of the sun, which are golden in our ferruginous atmosphere? Is it not by the reverberation of a soil composed of iron, that the planet Mars reflects upon us at all times a red light? Is it not more natural to attribute these constant colours to the reverberation of the soil, of the seas, and of the vegetables of these planets, rather than to the variable refractions of the rays of the sun in their atmospheres, the colours of which ought to change every hour, according to their different aspects with regard to that star. As Mars appears constantly red to the earth, it is possible that the earth might appear to Mars like a brilliant jewel, of the colour of the opal towards the North Pole, of the agoa marina at the South Pole, and alternately of the sapphire in the rest of its circumference. " But without going out of our atmos-

phere, I believe that the earth reflects there the blue colour of its ocean with the green of its vegetation, at all times in the torrid zone, and in summer only in our climate, for the same reason that its two poles reflect their different *auroras*, which participate of the colours of the earth or the seas that are near them.

"" Perhaps our atmosphere sometimes reflects landscapes, which announce islands to the sailors long before they reach them. It is remarkable that they show themselves, like the reflections of verdure, only in the horizon and on the side of the setting sun. I shall cite, on this subject, a man of the Isle of France, who used to perceive in the sky the images of vessels, which were out in full sea; the celebrated Vernet, who related to me that he had once seen in the clouds the ramparts of a town, situated seven leagues distant from him, and the phenomenon of the straits of Sicily, known under the name of the *Fata Morgana*. The clouds and the vapours of the atmosphere may very well reflect the forms and the colours of earthly objects, since they reflect in parhelions the image of the sun, so as to render it burning as the sun itself. In fine, if the waters of the earth repeat the colours and the forms of the clouds of the atmosphere, why then should not the vapours of the atmosphere, in their turn, reflect the blue of the sea, the verdure and the yellow of the earth, as well as the glancing colours of the polar ices?

" I advance my opinion, however, only as my opinion. The history of nature is an edifice which, as yet, is scarcely commenced; let us not fear to carry some stones towards the building; our grandchildren will use them, or lay them aside if they be useless. If my authority is of no weight hereafter, it will import little that I have deceived myself upon this point; my work will enter into obscurity, from whence it came; but if it should be, in future, of some consideration, my error, in physics, will be more useful to morals than a truth, otherwise indifferent to the happiness of mankind. For it will be inferred with reason, that it is necessary to regard even writers of credit with caution."

In one point of fact, St. Pierre is certainly mistaken. The green evening light is seen as often in winter as in summer. Having been led to look for it in consequence of suspecting the accuracy of his remarks, I noticed it on the very day when this extract was transcribed for the press, (late in December,) and twice in the course of the ensuing week, and I observed it, not in the evening alone, and in the west, (in which quarter, however, and at which time, it is most frequently seen,) but in different parts of the sky, and at different times of the day.

Whether France or Britain be threaten'd,
Soon will the issue show, or if both at once are endanger'd. — P. 11.

The murder of the Duke of Berry, and the Cato-street conspiracy, were both planned at the time of the King's death.

This is the Gate of Bliss. — P. 13.

The reader will so surely think of the admirable passage of Dante, which was in the writer's mind when these lines were composed, that I should not think it necessary to notice the imitation, were it not that we live in an age of plagiarism; when not our jackdaws only, but some of our swans also, trick themselves in borrowed plumage. I have never contracted an obligation of this kind, either to contemporary, or predecessor, without acknowledging it.

Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the dragon,
He had sown on the winds; they had ripen'd beyond the Atlantic. — P. 19.

"Our New World," says M. Simond, "has generally the credit of having first lighted the torch which was to illuminate, and soon set in a blaze, the finest part of Europe; yet I think the flint was struck, and the first spark elicited, by the patriot, John Wilkes, a few years before. In a time of

rofound peace, the restless spirits of men, deprived of other objects of public curiosity, seized, with avidity, on those questions which were then agitated with so much violence in England, touching the rights of the people, and of the government, and the nature of power. The end of the political drama was in favour of what was called, and in some respect was, the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropt on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again in America, and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting, and more brilliant than the first."

Dr. Franklin describes the state of things during the reign of Wilkes and liberty. He says, "There have been amazing contests all over the kingdom, twenty or thirty thousand pounds of a side spent in several places, and inconceivable mischief done by drunken, mad mobs, to houses, windows, &c. The scenes have been horrible. London was illuminated two nights running, at the command of the mob, for the success of Wilkes in the Middlesex election; the second night exceeded any thing of the kind ever seen here on the greatest occasions of rejoicing, as even the small cross streets, lanes, courts, and other out-of-the-way places, were all in a blaze with lights, and the principal streets all night long, as the mobs went round again after two o'clock, and obliged people who had extinguished their candles, to light them again. Those who refused had all their windows

destroyed. The damage done, and the expense of candles, has been computed at fifty thousand pounds. It must have been great, though probably not so much. The ferment is not yet over, for he has promised to surrender to the court next Wednesday, and another tumult is then expected; and what the upshot will be, no one can yet foresee. It is really an extraordinary event, to see an outlaw and exile, of bad personal character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mob, (spirited up by numbers of different ballads, sung or roared in every street,) requiring gentlemen and ladies of all ranks, as they passed in their carriages, to shout for Wilkes and liberty, marking the same words on all their coaches with chalk, and No. 45 on every door, which extends a vast way along the roads in the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town, there was scarce a door or window-shutter next the road unmarked: and this continued here and there quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles.

* * * * * * * * *

Even this capital, the residence of the king, is now a daily scene of lawless riot and confusion. Mobs patrolling the streets at noon-day, some knocking all down that will not roar for Wilkes and liberty; courts of justice afraid

to give judgement against him; coal-heavers and porters pulling down the houses of coal-merchants that refuse to give them more wages; sawyers destroying saw-mills; sailors unrigging all the outward-bound ships, and suffering none to sail till merchants agree to raise their pay; watermen destroying private boats, and threatening bridges; soldiers firing among the mobs, and killing men, women, and children, which seems only to have produced an universal sullenness, that looks like a great black cloud coming on, ready to burst in a general tempest. What the event will be God only knows. But some punishment seems preparing for a people who are ungratefully abusing the best constitution, and the best king, any nation was ever blessed with; intent on nothing but luxury, licentiousness, power, places, pensions, and plunder, while the ministry, divided in their councils, with little regard for each other, wearied by perpetual oppositions, in continual apprehension of changes, intent on securing popularity, in case they should lose favour, have, for some years past, had little time or inclination to attend to our small affairs, whose remoteness makes them appear still smaller.

* * * * * * * * * * *

All respect to law and government seems to be lost among the common people, who are moreover continually inflamed by seditious scribblers to trample on authority, and every thing that used to keep them in order."

Sons of slander, be warn'd! and ye, ye Factionists, learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind, that after death there is judgement. — P. 21.

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos. — VIRGIL.

Would that the nations,
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,
All injurious thought, and honouring each in the other,
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,
Live in brotherhood wisely conjoined. We set the example. — P. 24.

The wise and dignified manner in which the late king received the first minister from the United States of America is well known. It is not so generally known that anxiety and sleeplessness, during the American war, are believed by those persons who had the best opportunity for forming an opinion upon the subject, to have laid the foundation of that malady by which the king was afflicted during the latter years of his life.

Upon the publication of Captain Cooke's Voyages, a copy of this national work was sent to Dr. Franklin, by the King's desire, because he had given orders for the protection of that illustrious navigator, in case he should fall in with any American cruisers on his way home.

Calm in that insolent hour, and over his fortune triumphant. — P. 30.

The behaviour of Charles in that insolent hour extorted admiration, even from the better part of the Commonwealth's-men. It is thus finely described by Andrew Marvell:—

While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Magnificent Edward,
He who made the English renown, and the fame of his Windsor
In the Orient and Occident known from Tagus to Tigris. — P. 31.

The celebrity which Windsor had obtained, as being the most splendid court in Christendom, and the seat of chivalry, may be plainly seen in the

romance of Amadis, which was written in Portugal, towards the latter end of Edward the Third's reign. The Portugueze in that age took their military terms from the English, and St. George came into fashion among them at the same time as being the English Santiago.

A dispute arose between two knights, the one a Cypriot, the other a Frenchman, who were serving the King of Armenia against the Soldan of Babylon. The other Christian captains in the army determined that they should decide it by single combat before King Edward of England, as the most worthy and honourable prince in all Christendom; and the quarrel, which began in Armenia, was actually thus decided within the lists, at the palace of Westminster. It was won, not very honourably, by the Frenchman.

He who discovering the secret
Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius
Arm'd the Chemist's hand. — P. 41.

Though chemistry is one of the subjects of which I am contented to be ignorant, I can nevertheless perceive and appreciate the real genius indicated by Dr. Clarke's discovery in the art of fusion. See his Treatise upon the Gas Blow-Pipe; or the account of it in the Quarterly Review, No. 46. p. 466.

In referring to the Safety Lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, I must not be understood as representing that to be the most important of his many and great discoveries. No praise can add to his deserved celebrity.

Not to his affectionate spirit

Could the act of madness innate for guilt be accounted. — P. 42.

The act of suicide is very far from being so certain an indication of insanity as it is usually considered by our inquests. But in the case of Chatterton, it was the manifestation of an hereditary disease. There was a madness in his family. His only sister, during one part of her life, was under confinement.

The law respecting suicide is a most barbarous one; and of late years has never been carried into effect without exciting horror and disgust. It might be a salutary enactment, that all suicides should be given up for dissection. This would certainly prevent many women from committing self-murder, and possibly might in time be useful to physiology.

The gentle Amelia. — P. 45.

In one of his few intervals of sanity, after the death of this beloved daughter, the late King gave orders, that a monument should be erected

to the memory of one of her attendants, in St. George's Chapel, with the following inscription:

King GEORGE III.
caused to be interred near this place
the body of MARY GASCOIGNE,
Servant to the Princess AMELIA;
and this stone
to be inscribed in testimony of his grateful
sense
of the faithful services and attachment
of an amiable Young Woman to his beloved
Daughter,
whom she survived only three months.
She died 19th of February 1811.

This may probably be considered as the last act of his life;..a very affecting one it is, and worthy of remembrance. Such a monument is more honourable to the King, by whom it was set up, than if he had erected a pyramid.

SPECIMENS, &c.

THE annexed Specimens of Sir Philip Sidney's hexameters will sufficiently evince that the failure of the attempt to naturalize this fine measure in his days, was owing to the manner in which the attempt was made, not to the measure itself.

First shall fertile grounds not yield increase of a good seed,
First the rivers shall cease to repay their floods to the ocean:
First may a trusty greyhound transform himself to a tyger.
First shall vertue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemish;
Ere that I leave with song of praise her praise to solemnize,
Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only beginning:
But yet well I do find each man most wise in his own case.

None can speak of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt:
Great to thee my state seems, thy state is blest by my judgement:
And yet neither of us great or blest deemeth his own self,
For yet (weigh this, alas!) great is not great to the greater.
What judge you doth a hillock show, by the lofty Olympus?
Such my minute greatness doth seem compar'd to the greatest.
When Cedars to the ground fall down by the weight of an Emmet,
Or when a rich Rubie's price be the worth of a Walnut,
Or to the Sun for wonders seem small sparks of a candle:
Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubie, and only shining Sun,
Vertues, riches, beauties of mine shall great be reputed.
Oh, no, no, worthy Shepherd, worth can never enter a title,
Where proofs justly do teach, thus matcht, such worth to be nought worth;
Let not a Puppet abuse thy sprite, Kings' Crowns do not help them
From the cruel headach, nor shoes of gold do the gout heal;
And precious Couches full oft are shak't with a feaver.
If then a bodily evil in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall such morning dews be an ease to the heat of a love's fire?

Sidney's pentameters appear even more uncouth than his hexameters, as more unlike their model; for, in our pronunciation, the Latin pentameter reads as if it ended with two trochees.

Fortune, Nature, Love, long have contended about me,
Which should most miseries cast on a worm that I am.
Fortune thus 'gan say, misery and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune, fortune hath only the gift.
With strong foes on land, on sea with contrary tempests,
Still do I cross this wretch what so he taketh in hand.
Tush, tush, said Nature, this is all but a trifle, a man's self,
Gives haps or mishaps, even as he ordereth his heart.
But so his humor I frame, in a mould of choler adusted,
That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous.
Love smiled, and thus said; What joyn'd to desire is unhappy:
But if he nought do desire, what can Heraclitus ail?
None but I work by desire: by desire have I kindled in his soul
Infernal agonies into a beauty divine:
Where thou poor Nature left'st all thy due glory, to Fortune
Her vertue is soveraign, Fortune a vassal of hers.
Nature abasht went back: Fortune blusht: yet she replied thus:
And even in that love shall I reserve him a spite.

Thus, thus, alas! woful by Nature, unhappy by Fortune;
But most wretched I am, now love awakes my desire.

Sidney has also given examples in his Arcadia of Anacreontic, Phaleucian, Sapphic, and Asclepiad verse, all written upon the same erroneous principle. Those persons who consider it ridiculous to write English verses upon any scheme of Latin versification, may perhaps be surprised to learn that they have read, as blank verse, many lines which are perfect Sapphics or Phaleucians. Rowe's tragedies are full of such lines.

The Censura Literaria supplies me with two choice samples of Stanihurst's Virgil.

"Neere joynctlye brayeth with ruffleryе* rumboled Ætna:
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh† from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed
Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating:
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurled,

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* Ruffling seems to be turbulent noise. A ruffler was formerly a boisterous bully.

† To bolck or boke, is *ructare*.

Ragd rocks, up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth: stoans hudge slag * molten he rowseth,
With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kindling.
Men say that Enceladus, with bolt haulf blasted, here harbrought,
Ding'd† with this squising‡ and massive burthen of Ætna,
Which pres on him nailed, from broached chimnys stil heateth;
As oft as the giant his brold§ syds croompeled altreth,
So oft Sicil‖ al shivereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparckled."

" T'ward *Sicil* is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence with flounce furye flinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tampounds, maynelye betowring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd rub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparckling,
And flam's fierclye glowing, from fornace flashye be whisking.
Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eke thee Vulcian Island.

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* Slag is the dross of iron. † Dash'd down. ‡ Squeezing.
§ *i. e.* Broiled sides crumpled. ‖ Tinacria.

Doun from the hev'nlye palace travayled the firye God hither.
In this cave the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked ar hamring,
Brontes and Steropes, with baerlym swartie Pyracmon.
These thre nere upbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel onward,
A clapping fier-bolt (such as oft with rounce robel hobble,
Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finnished holye.
Three showrs wringlye wrythen glimmring, and forciblye sowcing,
Thre watrye clowds shymring to the craft they rampired hizzing,
Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south winds rufflered huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing,
With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye thundering."

Stanihurst's Virgil is certainly one of those curiosities in our literat which ought to be reprinted. Yet notwithstanding the almost incred absurdity of this version, Stanihurst is entitled to an honourable remembrance for the part which he contributed to Holinshed's Collection of Chronicles. None of our chroniclers possessed a mind better stored, nor an intellect more perpetully on the alert.

Sidney, who failed so entirely in writing hexameters, has written concerning them, in his Defence of Poesie, with the good sense and propriety of thought by which that beautiful treatise is distinguished. Let me not be thought to disparage this admirable man and delightful writer, because it has been necessary for me to show the cause of his failure in an attempt wherein I have now followed him. I should not forgive myself, were I ever to mention Sidney without an expression of reverence and love.

" Of versifying," he says, " there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern; the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and, according to that, framed his verse; the modern, observing only number, with some regard of the accent; the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call Rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches, the ancient, no doubt, more fit for musick, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit, lively to express divers passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise with his Rhyme striketh a certain musick to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetness, and wanting in neither majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbered with elisions: the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding, fit for a verse. The

French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable, saving two, called Antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish, and therefore very gracelesly may they use Dactyls; the English is subject to none of these defects. Now for Rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely.

That Cæsura, or breathing-place, in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have; the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, the very Rhyme itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the Masculine Rhyme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the Female, or the next before that, which the Italian call Sdrucciola: the example of the former, is Buono Suono: of the Sdrucciola, is Femina Semina. The French, on the other side, hath both the male, as Bon Son; and the Female, as Plaise, Taise, but the Sdrucciola he hath not, where the English hath all three, as Due, True, Father, Rather, Motion, Potion, with much more, which might be said, but that already I find the trifling of this discourse is too much enlarged."

The French attempted to introduce the ancient metres some years before the trial was made in England. Pasquier says, that Estienne Jodelle led

the way in the year 1553, by this distich upon the poems of Olivier de Maigny, "*lequel*," he adds, "*est vrayement une petit chef d'œuvre.*"

Phœbus, Amour, Cypris, veut sauver, nourrir et orner
Ton vers et chef, d'umbre, de flamme, de fleurs.

Pasquier himself, three years afterwards, at the solicitation of a friend, produced the following "*essay. de plus longue haleine.*"

Rien ne me plaist sinon de te chanter, et servir et orner;
Rien ne te plaist mon bien, rien ne te plaist que ma mort.
Plus je requiers, et plus je me tiens seur d'estre refusé,
Et ce refus pourtant point ne me semble refus.
O trompeurs attraicts, desir ardent, prompte volonté,
Espoir, non espoir, ains miserable pipeur.
Discours mensongers, trahistreux oeil, aspre cruauté,
Qui me ruine le corps, qui me ruine le cœur.
Pourquoy tant de faveurs t'ont les Cieux mis à l'abandon,
Ou pourquoy dans moy si violente fureur?
Si vaine est ma fureur, si vain est tout ce que des cieux
Tu tiens, s'en toy gist cette cruelle rigeur:
Dieux patrons de l'amour bannissez d'elle la beauté,
Ou bien l'accouplez d'une amiable pitié;

Ou si dans le miel vous meslez un venimeux fiel,
Vueillez Dieux que l'amour r'entre dedans le Chaos:
Commandez que le froid, l'eau, l'Esté, l'humide, l'ardeur:
Brief que ce tout par tout tende à l'abisme de tous,
Pour finir ma douleur, pour finir cette cruauté,
Qui me ruine le corps, qui me ruine le cœur.
Non helas que ce rond soit tout un sans se rechanger,
Mais que ma Sourde se change, ou de face, ou de façons:
Mais que ma Sourde se change, et plus douce escoute les voix,
Voix que je seme criant, voix que je seme, riant.
Et que le feu du froid desormais puisse triompher,
Et que le froid au feu perde sa lente vigeur:
Ainsi s'assopira mon tourment, et la cruauté
Qui me ruine le corps, qui me ruine le cœur.

"*Je ne dy pas,*" says the author, "*que ces vers soient de quelque valeur, aussi ne les mets-je icy sur la monstre en intention qu'on les trouve tels; mais bien estime-je qu'ils sont autant fluides que les Latins, et à tant veux-je que l'on pense nostre vulgaire estre aucunement capable de ce subject.*" Pasquier's verses were not published till many years after they were written; and in the meantime Jean Antoine de Baif made the attempt upon a larger scale, "*toutesfois,*" says Pasquier, "*en ce subject si mauvais parrain que non*

seulement il ne fut suivy d'aucun, mais au contraire descouragea un chacun de s'y employer. D'autant que tout ce qu'il en fit estoit tant despourveu de cette naïfveté qui doit accompagner nos œuvres, qu'aussi tost que cette sienne poësie voit la lumiere, elle mourut comme un avorton." The Abbé Goujet, therefore, had no reason to represent this attempt as a proof of the bad taste of the age: the bad taste of an age is proved, when vicious compositions are applauded, not when they are unsuccessful. Jean Antoine de Baif is the writer of whom the Cardinal du Perron said, "*qu'il étoit bon homme, mais qu'il étoit méchant poëte François.*"

I subjoin a specimen of Spanish Hexameters, from an Eclogue by D. Esteban de Villegas, a poet of great and deserved estimation in his own country.

Licidas y Coridon, Coridon el amante de Filis,
Pastor el uno de Cabras, el otro de blancas Ovejas,
Ambos a dos tiernos, mozos ambos, Arcades ambos,
Viendo que los rayos del Sol fatigaban al Orbe,
Y que vibrando fuego feróz la Canícula ladra,
Al puro cristal, que cria la fuente sonora,
Llevados del són alegre de su blando susurro,

Las plantas veloces mueven, los pasos animan,
Y al tronco de un verde enebro se sientan amigos.

Tú, que los erguidos sobrepujas del hondo Timavo
Peñones, generoso Duque, con tu inclita frente,
Si acaso tocáre el eco de mi rústica avena
Tus sienes, si acaso llega a tu fértil abono,
Francisco, del acento mio la sonora Talía,
Oye pio, responde grato, censura severo:
No menos al caro hermano generoso retratas,
Que al tronco prudente sigues, generoso naciste
Heroe, que guarde el Cielo dilatando tus años:
Licidas y Coridon, Coridon el amante de Filis,
Pastores, las Musas aman, recrearte desean:
Tu, cuerdo, perdona entretanto la bárbara Musa,
Que presto, inspirando Pean con amigo Coturno,
En trompa, que al Olimpo llegue por el ábrego suelta,
Tu fama llevarán los ecos del Ganges al Istro,
Y luego, torciendo el vuelo, del Aquílo al Austro.

It is admitted by the Spaniards, that the fitness of their language for the hexameter has been established by Villegas; his success, however, did not

induce other poets to follow the example. I know not whom it was that he followed, for he was not the first to make the attempt. Neither do I know whether it was ever made in Portugueze, except in some verses upon St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, which are Latin as well as Portugueze, and were written as a whimsical proof of the affinity of the two languages. I have found no specimens in Italian. The complete success of the metre in Germany is well known. The Bohemians have learnt the tune, and have, like their neighbours, a translation of the Iliad in the measure of the original. This I learn accidentally from a Bohemian grammar; which shews me also, that the Bohemians make a dactyl of Achilles, probably because they pronounce the χ with a strong aspirate.

THE END.

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